

STILL
ONLY 35¢

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

70
NOV

© 02449

THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI,

MASTER OF KUNG FU

©1978 MARVEL COMICS GROUP



TM

DEATH AWAITS CHI AND BLACK JACK TARR IN THE
MURDER MANSION!



"Call me Shang-Chi, as my **father** did, when he raised me and molded my mind and my body in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. I learned many things from my father. Since then, I have learned that my father is **Dr. Fu Manchu**, the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to **honor** him would bring nothing but **dishonor** to the spirit of my **name**.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: MASTER OF KUNG FU!™

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

HOME TO DIE

"LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK: THE NIGHT AIR HOLDS A SAD AND SILENT TIMELESSNESS HERE, CAUGHT IN THE RUSHING SOUND OF WIND AND WAVE."

"BUT MORE THAN THAT, THERE IS A SENSE OF TIME-LOST EMOTION HAUNTING THIS PLACE, THIS 'MURDER MANSION' ... POSSESSING THE MAN WHO ONCE LIVED HERE."

"BLACK JACK TARR HAS SPOKEN LITTLE OF HIS PAST. PERHAPS THERE IS TOO MUCH TO TELL ... PERHAPS WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE IT."

DOUG PAT
MOENCH BRODERICK
WRITER ARTIST
J. TARTAG INKER
G. SIMEK LETTERER
D. MARTIN COLORIST
R. STERN
EDITOR

J. SHOOTER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

"BUT I SENSE NOW THAT HE MUST TRY."

WELL, I'M HOME AGAIN, CHINAMAN, AND I GUESS I SHOULD BE HAPPY... BUT I'M NOT.

THEN AGAIN, I'VE COME A LONG WAY TO GET BACK HERE.

"THREE DAYS PAST, IN LONDON: WE MET IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE..."

"... AND TARR SPOKE WORDS CONVEYED FROM SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH..."

-- CHINESE SCIENTIST NAMED CHOW WANTS TO DEFECT TO BRITAIN.

BUT FIRST, HE'S MAKIN' STOPS IN NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON. SIR DENIS WANTS ME TO GO TO THE STATES AND ESCORT CHOW BACK HERE.

TOLD ME TO PICK A PARTNER, SO I'M MASKING YOU, CHINAMAN... JUST FOR THE COMPANY, AND PRECAUTION.

I WON'T REALLY NEED A PARTNER-- WHAT WITH ALL THE BLOODY C.I.A. MEN SWARMIN' AROUND.

THEN WHY MUST EITHER OF US GO?

'CAUSE SIR DENIS IS AFRAID OF A HIT ON CHOW. GOT A PHOTO OF THE RED CHINESE TERRORISTS MOST LIKELY TO TRY IT.

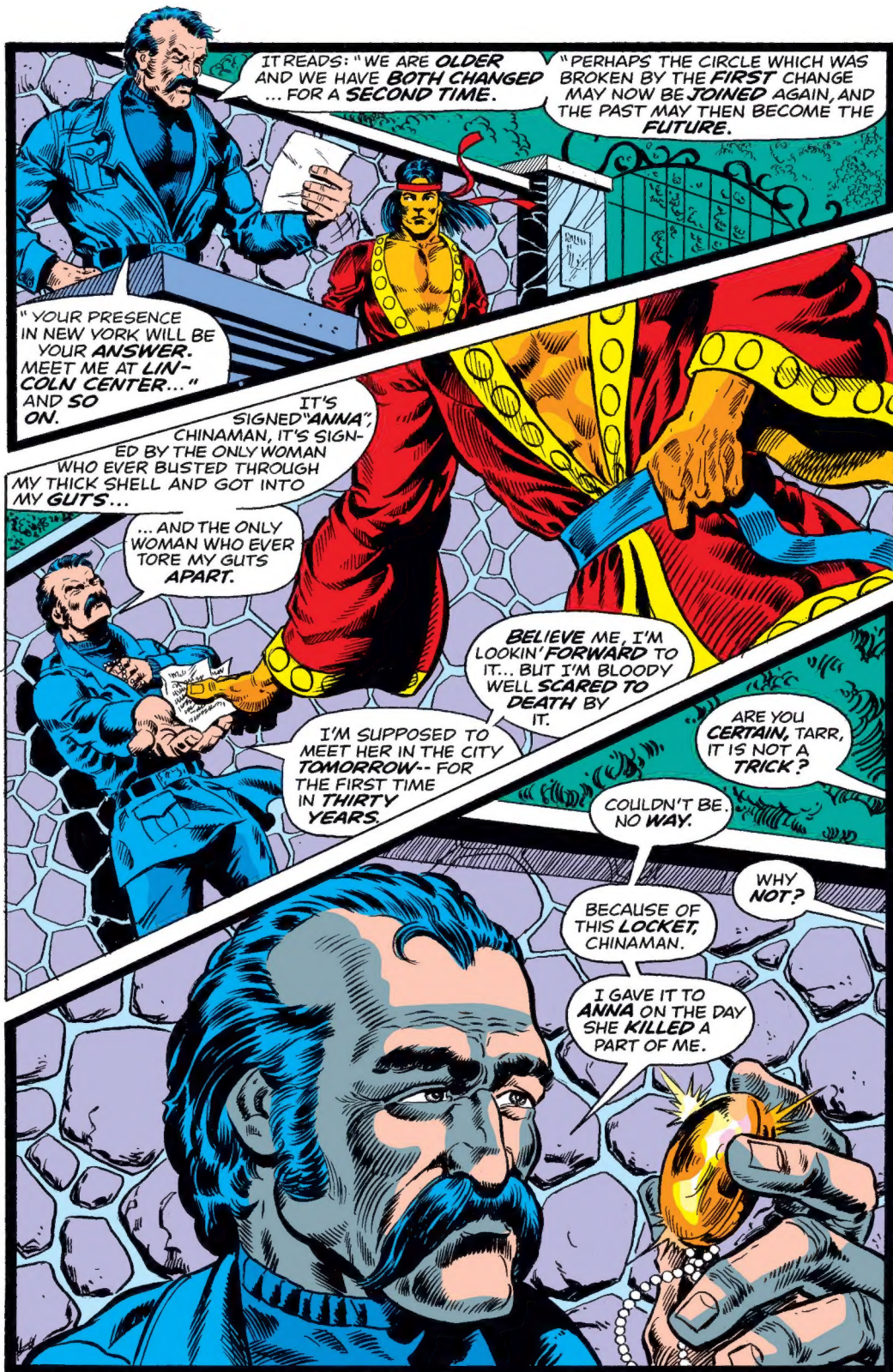
CALL THEMSELVES THE BLACK DEMON SECT.

I AGREED TO ACCOMPANY HIM.

NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, CHINAMAN, YOU WANNA KNOW THE REAL REASON FOR THIS TRIP -- WHY WE'VE COME A WEEK EARLY?

YOU MEAN THE STORY ABOUT--

NO, IT'S ALL TRUE-- BUT THE DAY BEFORE SIR DENIS POSED THIS MISSION TO ME, I RECEIVED A NOTE.



IT READS: "WE ARE **OLDER**
AND WE HAVE **BOTH CHANGED**
... FOR A **SECOND TIME**."

"PERHAPS THE CIRCLE WHICH WAS
BROKEN BY THE **FIRST** CHANGE
MAY NOW BE **JOINED** AGAIN, AND
THE PAST MAY THEN BECOME THE
FUTURE."

"YOUR PRESENCE
IN NEW YORK WILL BE
YOUR **ANSWER**.
MEET ME AT **LIN-**
COLN CENTER..."
AND **SO**
ON.

IT'S
SIGNED "**ANNA**";
CHINAMAN, IT'S SIGN-
ED BY THE ONLY WOMAN
WHO EVER BUSTED THROUGH
MY THICK SHELL AND GOT INTO
MY **GUTS**...

... AND THE ONLY
WOMAN WHO EVER
TORE MY **GUTS**
APART.

BELIEVE ME, I'M
LOOKIN' **FORWARD** TO
IT... BUT I'M **BLOODY**
WELL **SCARED** TO
DEATH BY
IT.

I'M SUPPOSED TO
MEET HER IN THE CITY
TOMORROW-- FOR
THE FIRST TIME
IN **THIRTY**
YEARS.

ARE YOU
CERTAIN, TARR,
IT IS NOT A
TRICK?

COULDN'T BE.
NO WAY.

WHY
NOT?

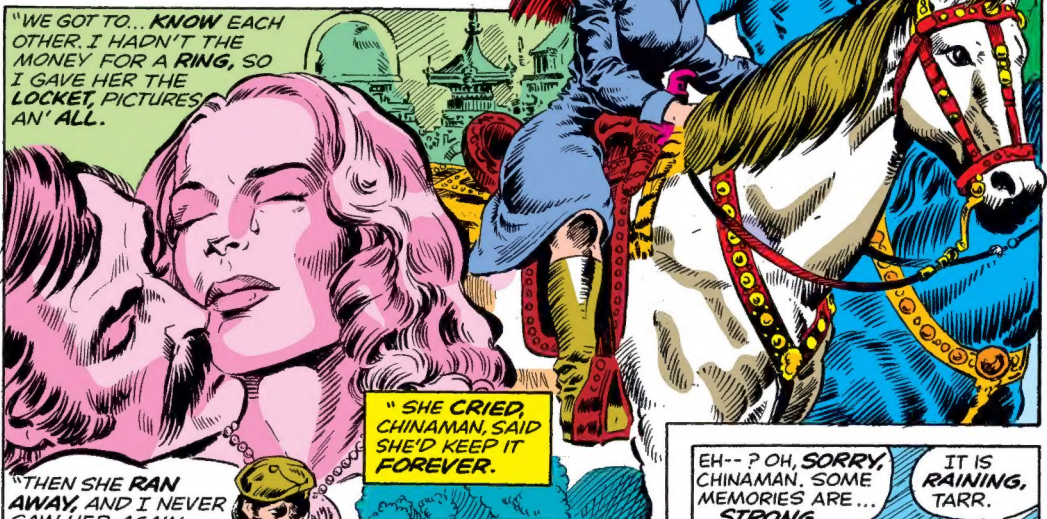
BECAUSE OF
THIS **LOCKET**,
CHINAMAN.

I GAVE IT TO
ANNA ON THE DAY
SHE **KILLED** A
PART OF ME.



IT'S GOT PICTURES OF US IN IT--
FROZEN THE WAY WE WERE
...WHEN WE WERE COM-
PLETELY ALIVE.

"WE BOTH WORKED FOR THE
BRITISH FOREIGN SER-
VICE IN HONG KONG, JUST
AFTER THE WAR ENDED.
OUR-- THE WORLD'S TROU-
BLES WERE BEHIND US.
IT WAS A BREATHLESS...
GIDDY TIME.



"WE GOT TO... KNOW EACH
OTHER, I HADN'T THE
MONEY FOR A RING, SO
I GAVE HER THE
LOCKET, PICTURES
AN' ALL.

"SHE CRIED,
CHINAMAN, SAID
SHE'D KEEP IT
FOREVER.

"THEN SHE RAN
AWAY, AND I NEVER
SAW HER AGAIN...

EH-- ? OH, SORRY,
CHINAMAN. SOME
MEMORIES ARE ...
STRONG. IT IS
RAINING,
TARR.



"... NOR DID THE
OFFICE. THEY SAID
SHE'D SIMPLY
VANISHED -- NO
EXPLANATION...

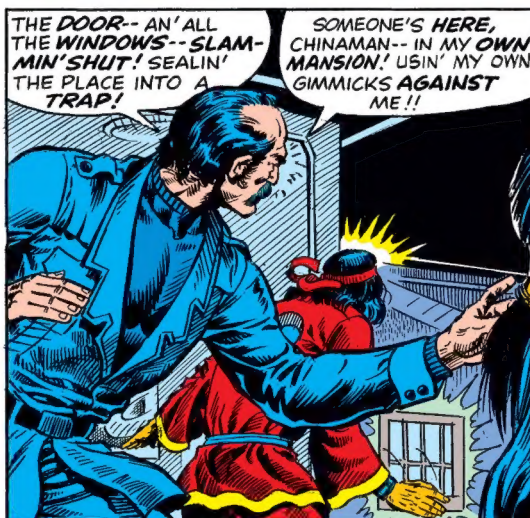


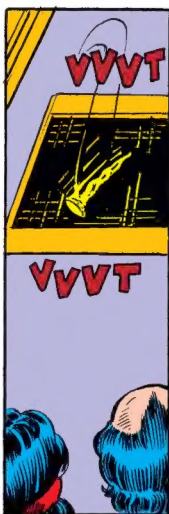
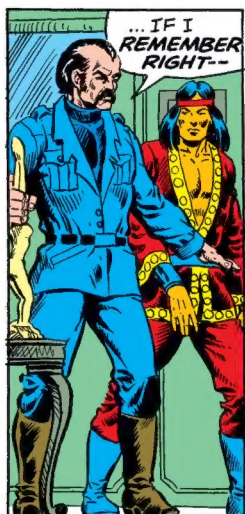
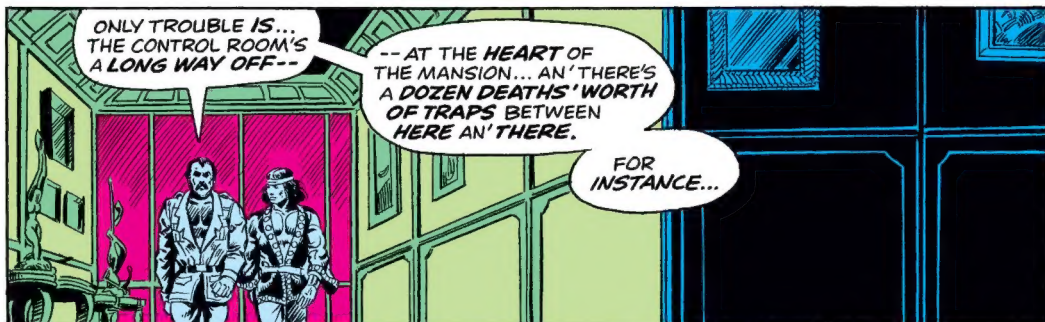
... BUT I CAN'T FOR-
GET THE TIMES BE-
FORE SHE KILLED A
PART OF ME-- WHEN
SHE MADE ME MORE
ALIVE... AND...

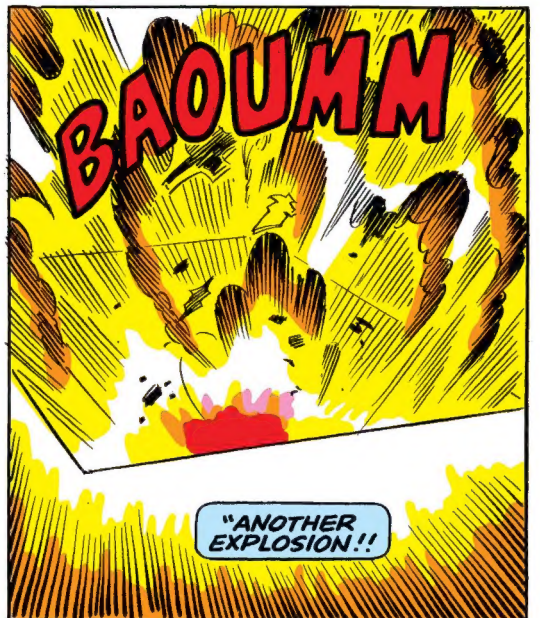
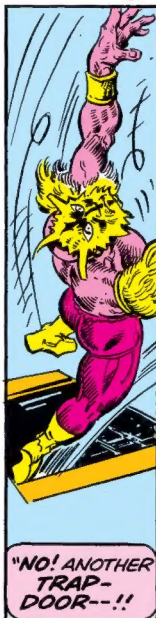
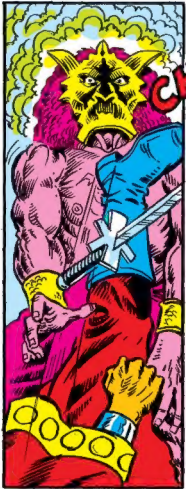
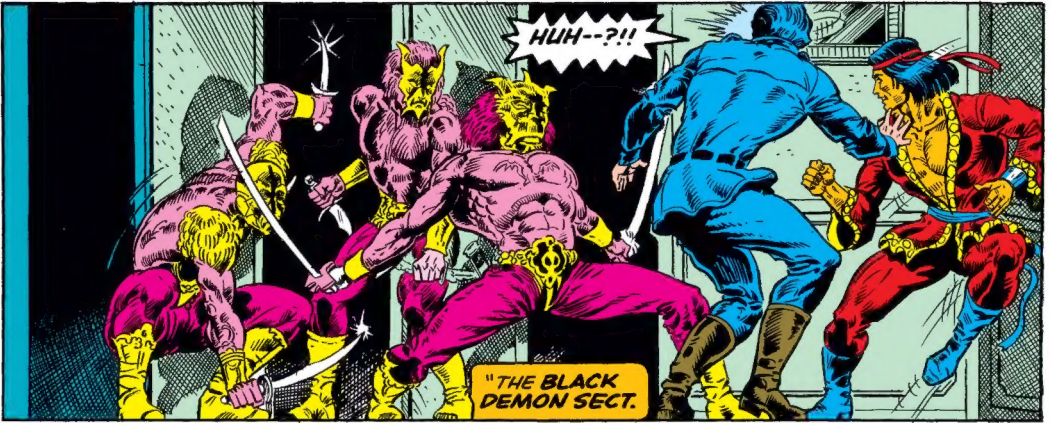
TARR...?

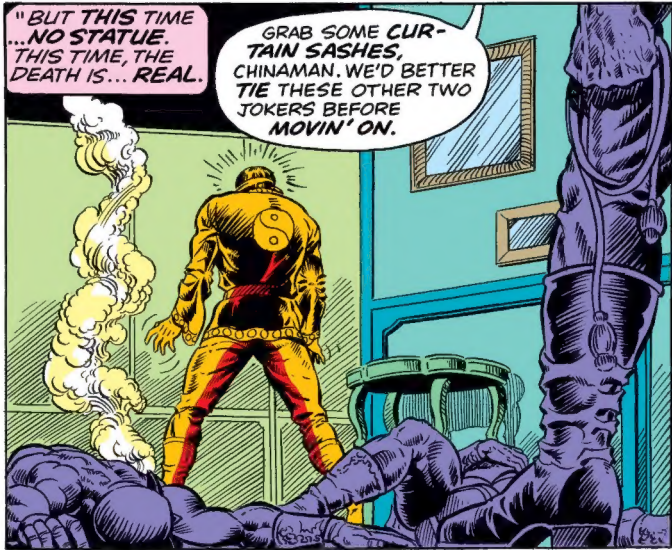


OH... YEAH,
GUESS WE'D BETTER
GET INSIDE.









"BUT THIS TIME... NO STATUE. THIS TIME, THE DEATH IS... REAL."

GRAB SOME CURTAIN SASHES, CHINAMAN. WE'D BETTER TIE THESE OTHER TWO JOKERS BEFORE MOVIN' ON.



"THE SCENT... STILL LINGERS"

TAKE IT EASY. YOU DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT.

BESIDES, HE DID.



"WAIT... A WHIRRING SOUND."

YEAH, I SEE. WE'RE BEIN' WATCHED EVERY STEP O' THE WAY.

NO SOUND, THOUGH... WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA.



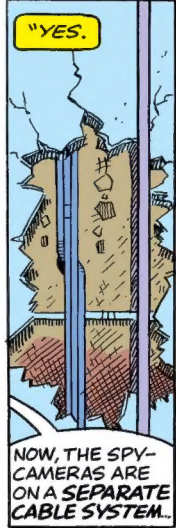
IF WE COULD CUT THROUGH THE LIBRARY TO ONE OF THE MONITOR ROOMS-- IT AIN'T THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM, BUT WE COULD SPY ON THEM. EXCEPT THEY'LL SEE US HEADIN' THAT WAY. UNLESS...



IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, THE ELECTRICAL CABLES FOR THIS FLOOR WERE LAID IN SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!

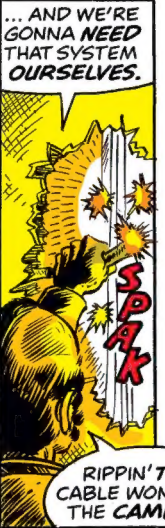


THINK YOU COULD GIVE THAT PANELING A GOOD SWIFT KICK, CHINAMAN?



"YES."

NOW, THE SPY-CAMERAS ARE ON A SEPARATE CABLE SYSTEM.



... AND WE'RE GONNA NEED THAT SYSTEM OURSELVES.

RIPPIN' THIS CABLE WON'T CUT THE CAMERAS--

-- BUT THE CAMERAS IN THIS ROOM WON'T DO 'EM MUCH GOOD IN THE DARK.

SURE IS A CREEPY OLD JOINT IN THE GLOOM. SORRY AGAIN FOR WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH BACK THEN.

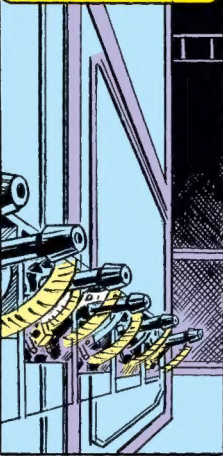


COME ON. *THIS* WAY IS SAFE.

"A BEAM OF LIGHT NEAR THE FLOOR."

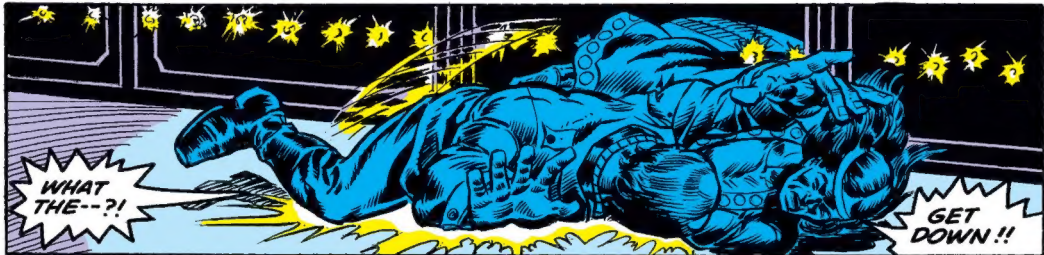


"TARR HAS ALREADY STEPPED THROUGH IT..."



"...TRIGGERING OPENINGS IN THE WALL, AND--"

TARR!!



WHAT THE--?!

GET DOWN!!

MACHINE GUNS ??



BUT I DIDN'T INSTALL THEM! THEY AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!!

THIS IS SOME BLOODY NUMBER OF A SET-UP, CHINA-MAN. MUST'VE BEEN PLANNED FOR A LONG TIME, IF THEY'VE ADDED GIMMICKS OF THEIR OWN.

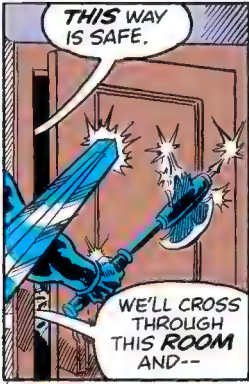
KEEP CRAWLING, TARR, WE'RE ALMOST BEYOND THE LAST ONE.



AWRIGHT, WE MADE IT--BUT DON'T GO DOWN THAT CORRIDOR. THERE'RE MORE OF THOSE SUITS-OF-ARMOR ROBOTS DOWN THERE...



...THE ONES THAT ALMOST GOT YOU.

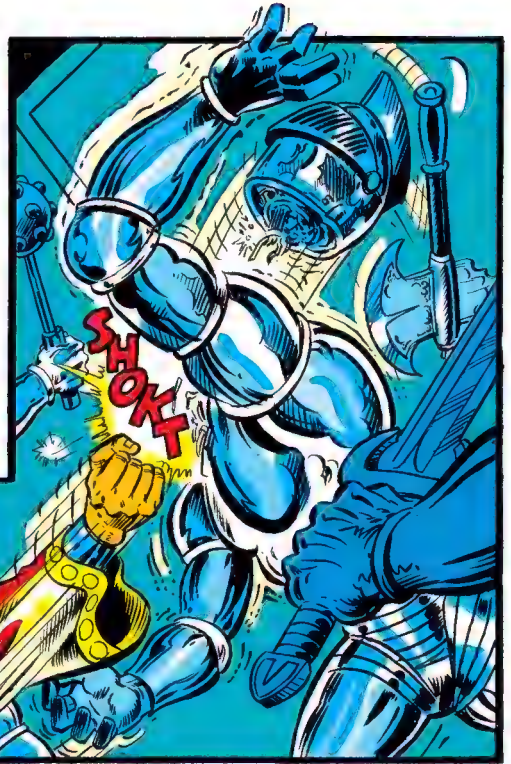


THIS WAY IS SAFE.

WE'LL CROSS THROUGH THIS ROOM AND--



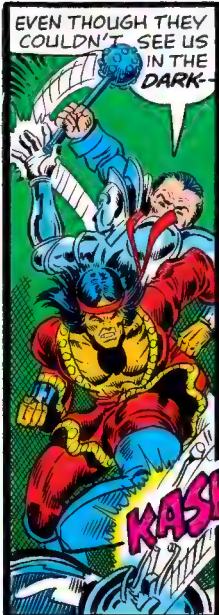
LORD! THE BLOODY ROBOTS ARE IN HERE NOW!!



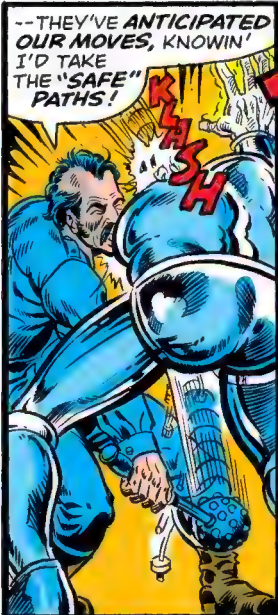
THIS IS TICKIN' ME OFF!

CAN'T EVEN SECOND-GUESS MY OWN TRAP-SYSTEM! THE BLACK DEMON JOKERS HAVE OBVIOUSLY TAKEN PAINS TO SWITCH EVERYTHING AROUND!

NOW, THERE'S SUP-Y... AN'EVEN IF THEY HAVE POSED TO BE A SWITCHED THINGS A-BOOBY-TRAP THERE, ROUND, AIN'T NO SENSE IN THE DOOR TO TAKIN' CHANCES. THE LIBRARY...



EVEN THOUGH THEY COULDN'T SEE US IN THE DARK-



--THEY'VE ANTICIPATED OUR MOVES, KNOWIN' I'D TAKE THE "SAFE" PATHS!



YEP. PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM...



WHICH MEANS IF ANYTHING BREAKS IT--



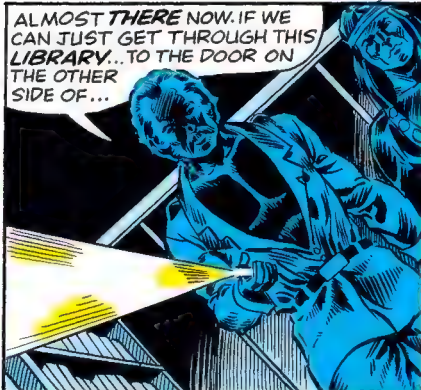
--OFF WITH ITS HEAD.



STEP OVER THE
GUILLOTINE BLADE,
CHINAMAN--



-- AND TRY TO
FORGET I INSTALL-
ED IT FOR YOUR
NECK.



ALMOST *THERE* NOW. IF WE
CAN JUST GET THROUGH THIS
LIBRARY... TO THE DOOR ON
THE OTHER
SIDE OF...



EH--?



OH, MY
GOD!!

NO! NO,
IT CAN'T BE!!



WHAT *IS* IT, TARR?
WHAT'S *WRONG*?

THAT *PAINTING*,
CHINAMAN-- I
DIDN'T PUT IT
UP THERE!
NEVER *SEEN* IT
BEFORE IN MY
LIFE...



... BUT-- BUT
IT'S A POR-
TRAIT OF...
ANNA.



"THE
PAINTING
EXPLODES--"

BRAFT

"--HURLING WILD
DEMONS!"



